The Vanity and Vain Glory

OF

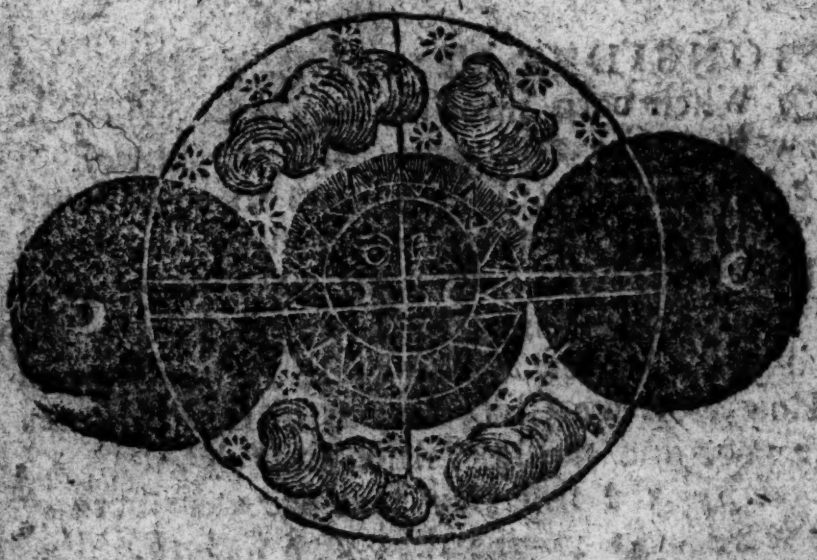
MORTALS

OR, THE

Pride and Folly of MAN.

Explained in the Seven several Stages of his Life; first from his Birth to Ten Years of Age, and to Twenty, Thirty, Forty, Fifty, Sixty, and Seventy, which according to the sayings of the Psalmist, is the full Age and Measure of Man's days in this Life.

PSALM the XC. Ver. X. *The Days of our Years are threescore Years and Ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore Years; yet is their strength Labour and Sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.*



COURTEOUS READER, *When you have read this small* BOOK, *and think it not worth one Penny, when perus'd, keep it clean, and return it in three Hours.*

The First STAGE.

CONSIDER Man that ſtate of Infancy,
When born into this World of Miſery,
How we came crying in as if we knew,
We had Ten Thouſand ſorrows to go through.
The tender Mother's bitter ſighs and tears,
When Pain and Travel fill our Soul with fears,
Of Death who threatens with his killing Dart,
And yet how few do lay theſe things to Heart.
How ſoon we Glory in our birth and ſtates
The poor and needy Vilifie and Hate,
Forgetting the firſt Day that we was born
We were both poor, naked and forlorn.
Like Graſs we ſpring, then wither and decay,
Our Lives as ſwift as Wind does paſs away;
Our Pleaſures are but bubbles here we ſee,
The Glory of this World is Vanity.

The Second STAGE.

THE ſecond Stage doth divers pleaſures yield
'Tis like a Garden or a fragrant Field,
Adorn'd with pleaſant Flowers to Invite,
The wanton Youths to pleaſures and delight.
He crops a Flower here, another there,
His Heart is free from either grief or care,
Nothing of ſorrow does his Soul ſurprize,
I'll have my fill of pleaſure ſtill he cries.
Scorning the Fathers due correcting Hand;
As often does in diſobedience ſtand;
His Wills, his Law, and this he will purſue,
Except a ſpark of Grace doth him ſubdue.
But Oh! Young Man repent, for why,
Thou can'ſt not tell but thou this Day may die
And thy poor Soul be hurried to a Goal,
Except thy dear Redeemer prove thy Bail.

The

The Third STAGE.

THE Emblem of the third Stage, like a Goat,
does the vigorous luſt of Man denote,
No Stones he'll leave unturn'd, but vows to have
All Vain Delights his Heart can wiſh or crave.
He cries I'll ſearch the World all round to find
Delight to pleaſe a wanton carnal mind,
No painful Preacher e'er ſhall me controul,
When I'm aged then I'll mind my Soul.
Me thinks I like the blooming ſpring appear,
Which is the happy time of all the Year;
For here behold I'm luſty, ſtout and ſtrong,
And may in Youthful pleaſures flouriſh long.
But wretched mortal Man who e'er you be,
That thus reſolves to take this Liberty,
You'll find when precious time is ſpent in vain,
When gone and paſt will ne'er return,

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The Fourth STAGE.

BEHOLD how ſwift our Years doth paſs away,
We ſee that time and tide for none will ſtay
For having paſt that firſt, ſecond, and third, Stage,
The next we come too is the middle Age.
Our youthful bloſſoms now almoſt declined,
And ſome are then for Actions more reſigned.
Others for Luxury, ſome for Wars,
Who for reward receive both Wounds and Scars.
Delight to behold the wat'ry Flood,
Mingled with Mangled Mortal crimſon Blood,
And Glory in the conqueſt of the field,
When as the Enemy is forc'd to yield:
But Mortal Man if thou ſuch courage hath,
Learn in time to fight the fight of Faith,
Make War againſt thy Luſts, and then ſubdue,
The pride of Life and looſe affection too.

The Fifth STAGE.

LIKE Clock Work Wheels Man's Minutes ſwifty
Or like the ſand that's running in the Glaſs (paſt
Untill it does to Fifty Years ariſe,
Then like the ſubtil Fox he will contrive.
By Policy, his Foes do circumvent,
Becauſe he finds his ſtrength is almoſt ſpent,
So that he cannot conquer them by force,
And therefore now he takes another courſe.
'Tis the crafty ſubtle mind of Age.
But let Man ſtrive ſuch malice to aſſuage,
To Friend or Enemy thy love afford,
for fear the Lord in anger draw his Sword.
For who is he that able is to ſtand,
Againſt the force of Gods evenged Hand,
Oh! there's none, and therefore let us be,
Endew'd with Grace, with Love and Unity,

The Sixth STAGE.

MAN'S tapers almoſt ſpent, his joys are fled,
Grey hairs adorn his aged hoary Head,
is now high time to think upon a Grave,
or in this Life we little comfort have.
Yet many aged will for wealth contrive,
tho' alaſs they are not half alive,
nd graſp the World for Riches eagerly,
s if they were to Live and never Die.
But why ſhould aged Men when full threeſcore
is Bags of Gold and Silver thus adore,
rbear to cram thy Coffers full of Wealth,
emember thou muſt fill a Grave thy ſelf,
Then what avails this Gold and Silver bright,
hen thy poor Soul ſhall take it's haſty flight,
om this vain World into Eternity,
a place of Joy or endleſs miſery.

The

The Seventh STAGE.

THOU that wert once the pride of Chriſtendo
Behold a period of thy Glory's come,
Tell me where is thy fading honcur no
What is become of thy Majeſtick brow.
Thou that did once command by Sea and La
And like a Tower or a Caſtle ſtand,
Thy weak foundation now thou can'ſt not tru
One Crutch ſupports thy feeble body firſt.
And after this you muſt two Crutches have,
To help you nearer to the ſilent Grave,
Which is the portion for the Sons of Men.
Behold you are full threeſcore Years and Ten.
If to fourſcore you live, your care and grief
Will daily be to ſeek of Death relief,
If to Hundred Years thy Glaſs ſhould run,
Say Lord receive thy humble patient Son.

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